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Kitchen-Klatter

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

On April 3rd our dear mother observed her 80th birthday, a great milestone for a woman who was given but a short time to live after the accident in 1930 that put her in a wheelchair for the rest of her life. I wish to pay tribute to her by reprinting what I wrote back in May, 1941, because it expresses my love and respect for her, a love and respect that have increased through every year that passes.

Because this is May and we celebrate Mother's Day, I have wanted to write some of the things that crowd into my memory when I turn back time and remember events that happened years ago when I first came into Mother's life. When I was a child, it didn't occur to me that very few children could say, "I remember when Mother and Dad came home from their honeymoon!" But now I realize that very few people can say such a thing, and I feel fortunate to be included among those few because it is an unusual experience.

And so the very first thing I can remember about Mother dates back to a June night in 1913. Howard and I had been making our home with Dad's four sisters and his father in Clarinda. And another thing I've come to appreciate as I've grown older is the fact that these four young girls were willing to take the responsibility for two little children who were just at a very hard age. Howard was twenty-six months old and I was fourteen months old when they took us, and I know now what it must have meant to rearrange all of the lives in that house so that two babies could fit in.

The first winter we lived with them both Howard and I had pneumonia, and although some people believe that a child cannot remember back so far, still I can clearly recall being held on Aunt Anna's lap while she sang to me. That is all I can remember about the illness, however, and the next sharp

memory concerns Mother, for one day there was much excitement at Grandfather's house, and we were told that our new mother was coming to see us. We didn't understand what this meant, of course, but I recall that I had on new black patent leather slippers for the occasion, for what child can ever forget brand spanking new shoes?

I'm sure that we weren't half as eager to see our new mother as she was to see us, the difference in our ages and experiences being what it was, but I think I can half-way imagine now, so many years later, what Mother must have felt when she drove to Clarinda with Dad that night to see for the first time these two children to whom she was to be mother. It was our first meeting, although Dad had sent a picture of us to her in California, and she had written back that "they are very sweet little children".

But pictures don't tell you any too much, and so she must have been anxious to see us in person. Probably Aunt Anna and the other sisters hoped very much that we would put our best foot forward, and the chances are that we did, because Mother says today that she thought we were very well behaved children with nice manners — yes, I guess that we were a credit to our four aunts and grandfather.

After the wedding, which I remember clearly, Dad and Mother went to Des Moines for a short trip, and then they came back to the house that was waiting for them in Shenandoah, and the time had arrived when Howard and I were to leave our grandfather's house and live with Dad and our new mother. Howard was just past four and I was three, and I know now that it must have been a wrench for my aunts and grandfather to see these two children go to another home. When I was older, Aunt Anna told me that Grandfather sat out in the swing in the sideyard, waiting to hear the train whistle as it left town, and when it hooted at the crossing north of their home, he got up and went into the house, put on

his hat, and went down town without saying a word. Things must have seemed strangely empty for a while.

Aunt Anna went with us to help bridge the gap between these two homes, and after about a week when I went to Mother to have my dress buttoned, they both realized that now we no longer felt strange, and she could go back to Clarinda. Of course, it was impossible for any child to feel strange with Mother. She knew exactly how to handle children, and it was really as if we had always lived with her.

I remember vividly what beautiful dresses she made for me that first year. One was white with blue ribbons through the shoulder, and another one had white embroidered scallops around the bottom with small pink flowers embroidered in each scallop. My, those were wonderful dresses! Almost every afternoon when Howard and I had gotten up from our naps she dressed us in white (imagine the work!) and took us down town. We stopped at the library, sometimes, and she took out books for us, for every night before we went to bed she read to us. She taught me to read before I went to school, and I was very proud when I could read to her about the "Little Dutch Twins" instead of having her read to me.

As I look back over it now, I marvel at the time that Mother gave us. The next summer Dorothy was a tiny baby, so this made three children in the house — and everyone knows how much extra work a small baby makes. There was a six-room house to keep clean, all of the washing and ironing and sewing, three meals a day to cook, and yet, with all of this, Mother actually found time to take us to the library for our books, to read to us, to make wonderful drawings for us to color, to take us on long walks into a little grove just outside of town (this meant pushing a baby carriage too, mind you), and to play all kinds of games with us.

When I think at times that I am busy, I look back at what she did and feel humble. Furthermore, during our second year with her when she was so busy with Dorothy, I can never remember a sharp word. In other houses where we played we had to tread gingerly because "Mamma is nervous", but I can never remember even once hearing Mother take refuge in nerves. Consequently, our house was the favorite place for every child in the neighborhood, and I wonder now how she ever stood having these gangs of yelling youngsters tearing around the yard. I think of this sometimes when children playing on the other side of the street bother me with their racket.

Another thing that I appreciate now

(Continued on page 19)

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

You may know what it is like to have to change all the locks on your house, but how would you like the job and the expense of doing it for a big church and its parish house? That is what we had to do today, and I mean that we had to do it quickly and under pressure. You see, last night our church secretary had her purse stolen, and in that purse were all the keys to the church, along with plenty of identification for the keys. She was just getting into her car parked outside the church when a man walked right up and took the purse before she knew what was happening. Any robber could cause us a great loss if we did not have all the locks changed.

I don't know how it is around your part of the country, but here in the western part of Massachusetts we are having more crime of all kinds than we have had for many years. Several members of this church have had purses stolen while they were within walking distance of the church, and we have had automobiles stolen out of the church parking lot time and time again. Several years ago I told you about the big robbery of the church when thieves from New York got more than \$1,800, and we have been robbed twice since then. For the past three years we have had two college boys living in our parish house and acting as night watchmen, but now that they have graduated we are looking for two new boys to move in. In the meantime, we just worry.

Yesterday I taught a Sunday school class. That is something I don't get to do very often, for our Sunday school meets during the church hour, and most of the time I'm in the pulpit. Yesterday my associate did the preaching, and I taught his class. I love to teach, and if I could do just what I like best, it would be to teach all of the time. At the same time, I find teaching a Sunday school class a bit depressing and frustrating because of the amazing religious ignorance of the children. As I told my associate today, I simply can't understand how young people can reach the ninth grade in Sunday school and still know as little as most of them do about our religion, and particularly about the Bible.

Actually, I know why it is they learn so little, and I am just kidding myself when I pretend to be ignorant. They learn little because they do not take it seriously, and many do not take it



A family group picture from Frederick at last! Left to right: Mary Leanna, David, Betty & Frederick.

seriously because their parents do not. Too many parents don't know much more than their children, and they are quick to make excuses for them. Add to this the fact that Sunday school teachers want their young people to like the classes, and so they apply as little pressure and discipline as possible. Even in our own home, in spite of the fact that I am a clergyman, there never has been enough disciplined study of Sunday school lessons. If the children complain of being bored, we are likely to let the whole matter slide through with a minimum of effort.

But what a pleasant surprise when I discover some youngster who does a brilliant piece of work in Sunday school! There are such children, fortunately, and I am sure that they must come from homes where the parents, too, are scholars of religion.

You may have heard me on the radio speaking about the fine summer school that our son David will attend at Tabor Academy, down near Cape Cod. We are pleased with the school, and happy that there is a good summer school right on the shore where David can get some special tutoring in mathematics. He is one of these boys who do well in the study of languages and the political sciences, but have a wretched time with algebra. I am afraid that he takes after his father in this regard. If some of you *Kitchen-Klatter* friends are looking for a good place to put one of your boys for a summer of special academic tutoring, Tabor Academy is the place. The school is in the small town of Marion, Massachusetts, and you can get information about it by writing the school at that address. Since David will be living just fifteen feet from blue salt water all summer long, we expect that he will become quite a sailor before it is over. Tabor has

many sailing boats, and when the boys are not in the classrooms they are out on the water or in it. This summer the school begins construction of a beautiful new chapel for the boys' religious exercises.

One of the deacons of our church here in Springfield is a naturalist by profession, and what a big help he is in our work with children. Every now and then he brings some wild animal to church for the children to see. Only today he was telling me something interesting about our old friend the possum. You know, the possum is native to the southern part of the United States, and until recently he was seldom seen up here in New England. Well, all that is changing now, and almost every week a possum is seen right in the heart of our city. Only a few weeks ago several possums were seen walking across the street in front of our church, and the church is located right down town where there is nothing but business blocks and apartment houses. What would possums be doing down here?

Today I was telling my Betty how I recognize the fact that I am no longer the spring chicken I used to be. When most of my contemporaries are beginning to brag about their grandchildren, it certainly is a sign indicating my arrival at a point somewhere beyond middle age. Yet in so many ways I cannot think of myself as anything other than the young minister just starting out in his first church. The older I get, the less I seem to know! When I was young, I knew the answers to so many more questions than I know now. I suppose that that is evidence of God's sure process of humiliation. When young we are so sure, and then God humbles us. How strange it is that the more we learn, the more sure we are that there are many answers yet to be found. But with each passing year, we do acquire a knowledge of a sort, and we do learn that the longest life is brief.

One of my favorite verses by Philip Pailey goes like this:

We live in deeds, not years; in thought,
not breath;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.

He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest,
acts the best.

Life's but a means unto an end; that
end

Beginning, mean, and end of all
things — God.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Footnotes on Footsteps

A Mother-Daughter Banquet and Program

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Focal Point Decoration: (This should be arranged on a small table on the stage or in some other prominent spot, as it will be the keynote for the banquet and program.) Borrow a shoe bench from a local shoe store. If unable to do so, try your hand at making one from a heavy carton. You can cover it with a decorative paper or foil. Display a pair of lady's pretty, dress pumps on top. Use sprays of spring flowers around the shoes and the base of the bench, twining a few in the legs of the bench. If space permits, scatter a few different types of women's shoes around the arrangement, indicative of milady's day — work shoe, loafer, sandal, sport shoe, and bedroom slipper.

Footsteps — outlines of them, that is — will catch the eye of the guests and indicate the theme if you mark a path of them on the sidewalk outside the banquet hall, leading to the entrance. Use chalk or a waterbase paint, so that prints can be removed later.

Program Booklets: Cut booklets in the shape of a footprint or in the shape of a lady's fancy boot (reminiscent of the gay nineties) and inscribe the theme across the front. Or use regular booklets, pasting a picture of a pair of shoes on the cover below the theme title. The cover decoration could be a fancy boot cut from a contrasting color and trimmed with bits of lace and sequins. Since shoes are many different colors nowadays, you might like to use several pastel shades of paper for making the various decorations, in the candles, and in spring flowers.

Boot Favors: (Might also be made large enough to serve as nutcups by leaving the top open.) For each boot, cut two shapes from felt. Sew the two together, using matching thread, and inserting a bit of cotton inside the boot before sewing across the top. Slip a tiny ruffle of narrow lace into the top before stitching it shut. With heavy black floss make simulated lacing down the front. Tiny embroidered flowers or sequins can decorate the side of the boot. Why not attach nar-

row ribbon tied in a bow, insert a corsage pin in each bow, and let each guest wear it as a corsage?

Another favor idea is Gumdrop Shoe-Trees. Make a pair for each guest. Cut one large gumdrop and a matching small one in half lengthwise. Insert a pipe cleaner of contrasting color in one large and one small candy. Tie the pair of "shoe trees" together with a ribbon bow.

Nutcups might be clever little shoe boxes made of rectangular pill boxes. Decorate one end to represent the usual shoe box label with humorous brand names, styles, and sizes.

Table Centerpieces: You can probably find a variety of sizes in ceramic slippers by asking among your friends. These can hold spring flowers. Perhaps your local shoe store will loan you some pairs of smart new dress pumps. Borrow glass cake plates and display the shoes on them, accented with a few spring blossoms as table centerpieces. (The store will no doubt be glad of the free advertising.)

Use heelless slippers for candleholders. Cut a piece of styrofoam to fit inside the shoe opening, into which you can insert the candle. Fill in around the candle base with flowers.

The toasts given to the mothers, the daughters, and the grandmothers might be given by persons designated on the program as "The Shoe Polisher", a quartette might be called "The Shoe Shiners", a talk might be given by a "Foot Scraper", or how about a "Half-Sole" to sing a solo? "The Side Steppers" and "The High Steppers" are other appropriate titles. Perhaps you have some talented youngster who can perform "The Old Soft Shoe" routine.

PROGRAM

Welcome: Welcome, dear friends; no words can convey the pleasure that's ours as we share this day. We come now to the part which we like the best — when we offer a tribute to our honored guests — our mothers, daughters, mothers-in-law, and last but not least, dear grand ma-mas. So let's be on with the show without further ado!

Our verbal bouquets we present to you.

Toast To Mother: Mothers surely are busy creatures. They have to be cuddlers and listeners and teachers — and sock darners and readers of books; know a homerun from a touchdown, and how to bait fish hooks. They have to be carpenters, referees, and family bus drivers; give advice to the love-lorn — her "fixes" are divers! Cook "three squares" a day, 'sides snacks and impromptu suppers; emergency controller — "Now where are grandpa's lost uppers?" They have to be nurses, laundresses, scrubwomen, and such — P.T.A. president, Dad's extra hand; how do they do so much? Oh, Mothers dear, as you work from sun to sun, to follow in *your* footsteps would keep us on the run. So we'll just say, "We love you — have fun. More power to you! God bless you, every one."

Toast To Daughter: A daughter is a special person. Right from the start, she moves in and takes over her adoring mother's heart. She cries, and you run — she must have a dreadful pain; or be hungry, or wet, or afraid, or — but why try to explain? When she's been too quiet too long, you dash to her crib out of breath — maybe she's tangled and strangled, or smothered to death! Oh my, just asleep — you wonder if you'll ever live through it. You see other mothers, oh, so calm. How do they do it?

Comes the next "stage" — she's so rambunctious you'd like to bride her! Stubborn, defiant, testing, she finds Mom can be a paddler! Not till her will clashes against her own child's, as it will surely do, will she understand Mom's saying, "This hurts me more than it does you."

One moment a tomboy, a tree climber, with a dirty face; then, presto! she's a demure cherub in ribbons, frills, and lace. One day dolls are fun, boys are pests, and mammas are awful wise — the next, gee! moms are so dumb — know nothin' about guys.

So swift the years — from playing house to cutting the rug; from "London Bridge Is Falling Down" to the watusi and frug. Baby ways, childhood plays, teenage see-and-try; college girl, courtship whirl, time goes fleeting by.

Suddenly you pause, amazed — there's no girlie at your side. Your little girl has grown, and gone to be someone's cherished bride. Ah, well, from the beginning we knew there would come this day and, let's be honest, we wouldn't have it any other way. But whate'er her age, or wherever she may be, you say, "She'll be precious my own dear girl, to me."

(Continued on next page)

Toast To Grandmother: "A grandma, too, is a wonderful person, made of the most marvelous stuff — like velvet for cuddling babies; and remembrance, for filling a cooky jar with your favorite kind, sure enuf! Her confidence makes you feel so grown up; but you'd better do right by her love. If you don't take the right direction in life, she's been known to give you a shove! Morale booster-upper? She's got it plus. When you're grumbling, discouraged, and blue, she says, "Well, only a failure moans and sits still. What are you going to do?"

Soft soaper, counselor, friend, tear-wiper, faith builder — they're all in grandma's line. That's why no one else can fill the bill like your grandma and mine.

Toast To Mother-In-Law: A tribute now we bring to another we would honor on Mother's Day. Who else but his mom, mother-in-law say some, but mother-in-love I say. For all that is best in our "better half", whom we've chosen "till death do us part", is ours because 'twas nourished in her home, through the goodness of her heart. So if you find strength in his faith, joy in his love, comfort in knowing that he always plays fair, you'll join us in saying, "Thank you, my other mother, for all in him I love, you nourished for him to share."

(If time permits, after each of the above toasts, an appropriate mother song might be sung, with the exception of the one to daughter. For it use "That Little Girl of Mine" or "Daddy's Little Girl", substituting the word "mother" for "daddy".)

Scripture: Proverbs 31: 10 — 28 (This would be effective if two daughters read it responsively).

MOTHER OF 1966, STEP FORTH

Leader: This is the day of the so-called "Great Society"; some speak of it as the "New Age". Whatever we choose to call it, it is an age of challenge, and in it women will play more important roles than they have ever even dreamed of playing. Will we play it smart?

No longer is a mother's domain bounded by the four walls of the home. Instead, her horizons sweep far afield. Modes of transportation and communication, and political and social upheavals, have scattered the family's involvement to corners of the earth. Mothers must acquire seven-league boots to keep up. *Big Steps. Broad Steps. Wise Steps.* Let us think about what sort of steps the woman of 1966 must take if she would step to the front, or even keep abreast of today's constantly changing world.



Many of you have mentioned how much Andrew looks like his mother, Kristin Brase. Grandparents Dorothy and Frank Johnson agree.

(Note: as the various "steps" are elaborated upon, the speaker might hold up a large outline of a footprint, with the appropriate "steps" title.)

1. A Step In Time: "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step." Whatever your goal as a woman, it all begins with one step, and it starts right where you *are*. The important thing is to make that first step — and to take it in time.

Start where you are. Look around you. Be aware, and be alive to what you have at hand that is important. Only then can you truly vision "where do we go from here". So let us start with the home. Unrelenting daily schedules plus unexpected pressures so fill our days that *planning* for a relaxing time with our family has become a necessity. Time is a treasure given to every family. More and more we are realizing this, yet how many of us are letting time get away from us because we have not taken that *Step in Time* to insist on keeping a fair share for family?

Start where you are in your community. What needs doing? Will you take the first step? Will you take it in time, before forces for evil get a head start, and tragedy shocks your community out of its "it-can't-happen-here" complacency? Mother of 1966, may you have the courage to say "No" when it needs to be said; the vision to say "Yes" when something real is at stake; the stamina to endure what you must to be on the side of justice and right.

2. Step Forward: There are many things to plan as we look to the days ahead; time is wasted if we think of yesterday instead. "No matter what has taken place upon the day before, it soon will be discarded if the morrow we explore." All too often we jog along, dwelling on memories of the past routine or the present. Let us

have the *forward look* to explore the possibilities of the challenging position we may hold in tomorrow's world. Let us train our children to be ready to take places of integrity, and leadership, and to stand for all this is positive for good.

3. Getting In Step: Resolved to take the step in time and the forward step, next comes the important "getting in step" with others who have the vision of an enlightened tomorrow. This step can be summed up in one word — education. Educate yourself through reading. Read the daily papers, the magazines, your Bible, and be a regular patron of your local library. Listen to news reports, to informed speakers, to the voices of the minority groups, to your conscience, to your own children. Thus you can know what needs to be done and why.

Ask questions; write letters. Don't excuse yourself by saying, "Oh dear, I am so busy already and besides I don't know what in the world they are talking about." Lady, you'd better bestir yourself to find out, else tomorrow there may be no world to talk about; at least not the kind of a world you want and believe in. It can well be lost because of those who never knew what in the world it was all about, and never made the effort to find out!

4. Watch Your Step: A prominent educator once wrote, "It suddenly dawned on me one day that every book I read, every speech I heard was ordering me around." The modern family lives in a world of strident voices, each seemingly trying to order us around. Advertisements, an increasing round of school activities, social organizations, our neighbors! Sometimes the pressure seems to come at us like a steam roller. Let us, as homemakers, *watch our step.*

Someone has said when we are crusading for causes, let us not forget that the "intangibles need saving" — stable family life, pride in work well done, respect for labor, creative leisure, honest assessment of the value of money, faith, equality of all men in the sight of God, friendships. These "intangibles" make up the very fabric from which a good life is fashioned.

There is no place like home to learn them. And every wise parent knows that we cannot overestimate the importance of our *attitudes* in instilling values in a child's mind and heart. Well may it be said of a mother, "By her attitudes will they know her!" *Watch your step.*

Leader: I think that these illustrations
(Continued on page 21)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The weatherman has certainly been playing tricks on us this year, hasn't he? Just when we thought spring was really here, Old Man Winter kicked up his heels again and refused to leave. We were fortunate once again in our section of Iowa that we didn't get any of the heavy snow many parts of the Midwest received. We had just the blizzard conditions with high wind and cold temperatures.

A couple of days before the storms moved across the Midwest, the ducks and geese were flying over our house in large flocks headed north. There wasn't an hour during the days and nights that we didn't hear them. I'm wondering how far north they got and what they did when they ran into the blizzard.

About the middle of March when we were having our springlike weather, Frank thought it was dry enough to begin discing, so he went to the field one afternoon. Although it looked plenty dry on the surface, it was still mighty wet underneath and he didn't stay long. One of our neighbors who lives on higher ground did get a little of his plowing done. Frank said even if he couldn't work in the field it was beautiful weather for fixing fence. He is putting up a new fence around one of the fields and got his corner posts in and braced before winter returned.

I told you last month that our dog Tinker had disappeared and I'm sad to report that he has never shown up. We advertised in the paper offering a reward, and although we had several calls, none of the dogs was Tinker. We owe our thanks to many people who kept their eyes alert and tried to help us find him, but so far we haven't found one person who ever saw him. It is just one of those mysterious things that will probably never be solved.

Alison's goat Sadie has now become Frank's shadow. He has had her shut up in the shed all winter, and what a happy goat she was when Frank turned her out on the first warm day. She follows him everywhere. When he takes the feed over to the cattle he has to cross a small ditch. Sadie will follow the tractor as far as the ditch but won't cross it in spite of the fact that she could easily step across. She just



Marge Kimsey, Rosa Jaeckel and Mary Good check the files for plates of subscribers sending in their renewals for the magazine.

stands there and waits for Frank to come back. When he comes in the house she lies down outside to wait for him. The other day Frank came in the back door and walked through the house and out the front door. I asked him what that was all about, and he just grinned and said he was trying to shake his shadow because he was going out to the road. It worked.

I've been doing my spring house-cleaning by spurts — cleaning out drawers and trying to find things to discard so I can make more room; washing bedroom curtains and getting drapes cleaned; changing some of the furniture around. This furniture moving was done for Mother's benefit. She has been coming to my house for years and it wasn't until the last time she came that she said, "Dorothy, do you realize there isn't a mirror in your house that I can see myself in?" This had never occurred to me. The mirror in Kristin's old room where Mother sleeps was above a high dresser. The mirrors in the dining room and the bathroom were both too high for her. Ah, but she wasn't quite right — we do have a full-length mirror; it was just in the wrong room. This has now been taken care of, and the next time she comes to see us she can wheel her chair right up to the mirror in her bedroom and see to comb her hair.

Kristin writes that Andy is getting cuter and funnier every day. I think he is going to have a wonderful sense of humor as he already has learned to play jokes on Kristin and Art. Since we don't get to see our grandson very often, we eagerly look forward to the letters which tell us all of his latest antics.

Being the teacher of 37 fourth graders, with almost always some child sick with a cold, flu, or some childhood disease, Kristin has had the flu twice, laryngitis, and the stomach flu

when an epidemic of this went through the school. Just as she would begin to feel better, Art would come down with it and then Andy. The last time she called she said just that day four children were at home with chicken pox, and how glad she was that she and Art had both had it. She hoped this wasn't something she could carry home to Andy. Of course it might be better if he did have it while he is so young, because he would probably have it lightly. Kristin was 13 when she had it, and had a severe case. I know this was what she was thinking about because I doubt she will ever forget how sick she was.

I haven't mentioned the little pony for a long time. She is adorable. We had quite a time naming her. I had been calling her Silver but when Kristin was home she and her dad decided on a different name because Silver was the name of another pony we had had at our house for awhile. There was a small pile of sawdust just outside the pony's pen, where Frank had been sawing up some lumber, and Kristin made the comment that the pony was exactly the color of the sawdust — so Sawdust it is. I suppose if we ever get registration papers for her, however, it will be Silver Sawdust. She is quite a pet of Frank's. For a sugar lump she will shake hands with him. When Alison comes back to visit us this summer I'm sure she will have fun teaching her to lead, and will spend much time trying to teach her some tricks.

I want to bring you up to date on Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls, who had to move to Arizona for Edna's health. I am happy to report that Edna is feeling much better and is able to lead quite a normal life. Moving from a farm to a large city like Phoenix was a drastic change for Raymond, and we all hoped he would like it since it was a move that had to be made. Fortunately, he is happy there. Edna says they had a wonderful evening at the home of good friends of the folks, Leota Olson and her husband. The Olsons are farmers near Sac City, Iowa, who spend their winters in Phoenix.

I hope before the next issue we have some pictures of Andy in his new Easter clothes. We sent him a suit, and Lucile sent him the cutest tan tweed topcoat imaginable with brown leather buttons and an Eton cap to match. How I would love to see him all dressed up for church!

My space has run out, so until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT NEEDLECRAFT

by
Erma Reynolds

When you embroider, knit, crochet or tat, you are carrying out handicrafts that have been executed by innumerable needlewomen (and men) in every country on the globe since earliest times.

Today we regard embroidery as a woman's craft, but in the Middle Ages the leading needleworkers were men.

Samplers, or "sam-cloth" as they were first called, were originally made to record patterns and stitches of embroidery or lace on a strip of cloth. Later, when pattern books became more plentiful and less expensive, samplers were still made, not as a record of patterns, but as an enjoyable craft medium to exhibit the skill of an embroiderer.

A poem, "Praise of the Needle", written by John Taylor in 1640, gives some idea of the profusion of embroidered stitches that were used on these samplers.

"PRAISE OF THE NEEDLE"

For Tent-work, Rais'd-work, Laid-work,
Net-work,
Most curious Purles, or rare Italian
Cutwork,
Fine Feme-stitch, Finny-stitch, New-
stitch and Chain-stitch,
Brave Bred-stitch, Fisher-stitch, Irish-
stitch and Queen-stitch,
The Spanish-stitch, Rosemary-stitch
and Mouse-stitch,
The smarting Whip-stitch, Back-stitch
and the Cross-stitch.

All these are good, and these we must
allow,
And these are everywhere in practice
now.

The first pieces of crewel work were turned out in the Far East and brought to England by traders. One of the most famous examples of this decorative stitchery is the Bayeux tapestry, believed to have been embroidered by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. Matilda used worsted in different shades of red, yellow, blue and green on a cream-white strip of linen 231 feet long and 20 inches wide. On this panel she embroidered 1,512 objects depicting events from the time of the visit to the Norman court of Harold, last Saxon king of England, until his death at the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

Martha Washington also delighted doing crewel work, and when 69 years old embroidered 12 chair cushions,



Two samples of needlework are in evidence in this picture: knitting and embroidery. The embroidered tote bag that Margery uses as a knitting bag came from Mexico.

four for each of her three granddaughters.

Needlepoint, originally called "canvas work", was a favorite handicraft as far back as the Middle Ages. But, it was not until the late 17th and early 18th centuries, that this type of embroidery reached the height of popularity.

Petit point became popular in England during the reign of Elizabeth who was exceptionally proficient at this handicraft.

Applique, or "laid upon" embroidery, is believed to have originated in India and Persia long before Christ was born. Greek and Egyptian needlewomen in the ancient days were also applique artists, ornamenting all manner of articles. During the Middle Ages, applique decorated the Crusaders' tunics, and still later this type of embroidery was in great demand as a trimming for church banners.

As far back as 200 A.D., the steady click of knitting needles could be heard. In Colonial days, knitters carried their work everywhere, except to church. In these early days, before instruction books existed, intricate and novelty stitches were treasured knowledge, and their directions were a legacy to be handed down from mother to daughter.

It was in the Middle Ages that crocheting got its start. By using a fine hook, and working on loose weave material, the embroiderer turned out a chain stitch that bore close resemblance to our present day crocheting. To the nuns of the convent at Rouen, France, goes the credit of developing the filet pattern in crochet, when they imitated the meshes of netting and crocheted a copy of the painting of "The Last Supper."

Tatting, the craft of making knotted lace on a shuttle, was first tagged with the unusual name of "frivolite."

A FASHION-FOR-FUN SKIT

(What the well-dressed woman will NOT wear, from morning to night.)

by
Marie Gilbert

Announcer: The fashions you will see are EXCLUSIVE. You may be sure you will never see them duplicated anywhere at any price. But you will find that the cost of these designs — even though they are ORIGINALS — will fit the most ridiculous budgets.

1. Our first model has selected a duster for early morning wear. It is of waffle pique with the ever-popular Peter Pan collar. Please note the attractive copper buttons. Her feet are snugly encased in honey bun slippers. (Costume is a short housecoat with waffles pinned on it, with copper scouring pads for buttons. Collar is made of foil pie pans. Old sandals or slippers have sweet buns attached.)

2. The next model is wearing a daytime dress featuring the latest in cap sleeves and a smart pencil slim skirt. To complete the ensemble she has chosen a fashionable sailor hat, the popular string gloves, and a smart, but serviceable, bucket bag. (Bottle caps are fastened on the upper sleeves of an old blouse and pencils are cellophane-taped all over the slim skirt. Hat is an old white duck sailor hat with brim turned down; white gloves have strings hanging from the fingertips. Bag is a bucket with a ribbon tied on the handle.)

3. Our next model wears the ever-chic nylon box jacket suit in the season's most popular color, cedar brown. Note the bone buttons and the extreme but fetching earrings to match. The suit skirt is of basket weave and the hat is a "Jackie" pillbox model. Note the ultimate in the envelope handbags with a handy outside coin purse. (Jacket is a large cardboard box covered with old nylon stockings. The bone buttons and earrings are dog biscuits. Fasten small berry baskets to strings of various lengths to cover the skirt. Pillboxes are arranged on any old hat. The purse is a large manilla envelope with a paperboy's moneychanger attached.)

4. Next is a costume for the sports-minded in our audience. Our model wears colorful print to contrast becomingly with her checked shorts. She has chosen the serviceable, yet glamorous, cloche hat to smartly hide her pin curls, and carries a dainty pouch

(Continued on page 22)



Helping Your Child To A Career

by
Joseph Arkin

The doors to equal job opportunity are slowly, but surely opening. Will your child be ready for the new era?

Within the next few years automation and technology will increase and will radically change the American vocational outlook. You have to plan now to provide your child with the know-how to take advantage of equal opportunity.

Because most worthwhile careers require some sort of specialized training, it is best to begin giving your child the necessary guidance even before he or she reaches high school.

However, this does not mean that you should steer him toward a specific job or career at this stage of the game. The "one perfect job" does not exist — and even if it did, changing conditions might make it unsuitable by the time your child is ready for employment. According to researchers at Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, "Young people should therefore enter into a broad flexible training program that will fit them for a field of work rather than a single job."

How do you help your youngster pick the right field? The first step is to analyze his strengths and weaknesses as objectively as you can. In what subjects does he get his best grades? His worst grades? Do his hobbies or leisure activities seem to indicate a special "inclination"? Has he any physical handicaps that should be taken into account? What is his temperament? Is he shy or outgoing, placid or high-strung?

To gain a clearer idea of your child's problems — and promise — talk to school counselors and teachers. Many intelligent youngsters suffer from learning difficulties which are emotional or even physical in origin. If identified in time, these problems can often be corrected before they limit a child's vocational chances.

The next step is to become familiar with — and help your child learn

about — the major occupational fields which might suit him. In your local library there are many volumes devoted to occupational guidance, together with references to specialized information to whet your child's appetite.

Another source of good vocational guidance information is the "Occupational Outlook Handbook" on file at many libraries. For specific information of more than hundreds of occupations you can write to the U.S. Printing Office, Supt. of Documents, Washington, D.C. Your newspaper can also be a most valuable guide to job trends, if you use it properly. Pay special attention to articles that deal with automation with new educational requirements or new opportunities in a field which interests your child.

According to some vocational experts, one of the best guides to employment possibilities in any field is the change in the number of workers employed in that field. Professional occupations have been expanding and will probably continue to grow; accounting, a much needed profession in these days of record keeping, has shown a remarkable rate of growth. Sales jobs are expected to increase, but at a slower rate than jobs in some other fields. The picture is bright for skilled workers, especially repairmen, but depressing for the unskilled.

After your youngster has selected a major field of work that appeals to him, he should tentatively narrow down the choices to specific occupations. The first thing to determine about a job is its correct title: the same job may be called by a number of different names in different places, or one "umbrella" term may be used to describe several different jobs. Most counselors use the "Dictionary of Occupational Titles" as the standard reference for this.

The next and most important step is to find out what duties are involved.

The best procedure in analyzing a job is to use the job-structure or job-pattern approach consisting of nine basic elements:

Work performed. What the worker does, how he does it and why.

Materials and equipment. The material worked on (such as metal, wood, plastics) and the machines and tools used.

Surroundings. The physical surroundings (outside or inside) and the type of business or industry, food processing, chemical manufacturing, office, store.

Skill, knowledge, abilities. This includes the extent of the worker's responsibility and the type of supervision he receives.

Job variables. A job may vary from one locality to another or from one plant, office or industry to another in tasks performed, equipment used, products made or services rendered. These variables are important from the standpoint of training because of the variety of skills that may be expected of the employee.

Relationship to other jobs. The field to which the specific job belongs is very important in terms of duties, training requirements, employment and advancement opportunities.

Physical requirements. This information is particularly important to persons who have physical handicaps or disabilities.

Working conditions. Does the job involve extremes of temperature? Noise and vibration? Fumes and odors? Working conditions are particularly important for many semi-skilled and unskilled jobs.

Personal qualities. Some occupational descriptions mention specific personality traits that are important in the opinion of those who hire workers in that field. But most important of all is the over-all social adjustment of a person. Studies indicate that more jobs are lost because of *faulty attitudes* than *faulty skills*.

School guidance counselors can often help the child fill in any gaps in his "job-pattern" analysis. Many organizations outside the schools also provide vocational guidance: one of the most active is the United States Employment Service. Many community agencies and college-sponsored groups also provide advice.

By steering your child toward expert guidance, and helping him learn as much as he can about different jobs and their requirements, you will have taken a giant step toward insuring him a rewarding career which is the result of choice — not chance.

ABIGAIL DESCRIBES SEWING PROJECTS

Dear Friends:

These early spring months are the ones when I experience the greatest amount of pleasure from sewing. Alison had been promised first call on my sewing time. She is much more taken with the current teen-age fashion fads than her older sister. Perhaps this is because she can wear almost any style and doesn't have to pay attention to special figure problems. Also I have noticed her age group seems much more "fad" conscious than the girls who are a few years older. Having always confined my own clothing to conservative styles, I find it fun to sew some of the rather "kooky" clothes these young girls crave.

Another pleasure associated with sewing on spring and summer clothes in the last throes of winter is the bright, light colors and materials which are such a welcome contrast to the tired-out winter woolens. One of Alison's dresses was an apricot-colored cotton broadcloth. It had a tie belt at the very high waist, with apricot-embroidered, white cotton eyelet lace around the hem of the short sleeves the only trim.

Another of her outfits was a lovely lemon-yellow. The long-sleeved blouse was dotted swiss with an edging of gathered white eyelet at the neck and sleeves. A slightly deeper shade of yellow in an unusually soft wool became a high-waisted skirt with curved straps extending over the shoulders into suspenders. This skirt had to be lined, of course.

Perhaps for this reason, the next dress, which was made for Emily, was one of the new bonded fabrics. In this case we chose a turquoise-blue and bone-colored orlon knit. I used a favorite pattern which can be made into either a jumper or a dress. This time we decided upon the latter, and were fortunate to find a matching rope-knit trim to add interest to the neck opening. This design is a simple, loosely-fitted, princess line that can be used over and over again with variations. Since it looks good on Emily and I prefer to re-use patterns whenever possible, I plan to make many versions from this one design.

Alison recently had her hair cut very short — one of those styles with bangs and exposed ears. On her this style is most attractive. But it took a lot of wavering back and forth before she got up the nerve to make such a drastic change. In contrast Emily's hair is



Clark Driftmier, 12, started golf lessons last summer, and now that spring days are here, he takes practice swings in the front yard.

quite long. She claims her boy friends like long hair, but I can't help but wonder if such long hair won't be rather hot if she spends the next year closer to the equator. However, long hair does lend itself to braiding, an ideal solution to a warmer, more humid climate for those not blessed with naturally curly hair.

My! how I wish I could report for certain where Emily will be next year, but there are still no definite plans. One response received recently from San Jose, Costa Rica, suggested an exchange with one of their young men who wishes to attend the University of Denver. We are located on the opposite side of the city from this institution, however, and transportation would be most difficult, since there is no satisfactory public transportation between here and Denver U. Rotary foreign exchange students (as is true with most other foreign exchange students) are not permitted to drive cars. So we must bide our time and await further developments.

Recently our family enjoyed a one-day trip up into Wyoming. Wayne wanted to look over a couple of rock quarries producing ornamental or construction-type rock, and by some unusual and lucky happenstance the other four of us were free to join him. In honor of this unique family occasion we even added Lucky, our poodle, to the outing. Declaring a holiday for myself (in recognition of Wyoming's reputation for strong winds, especially in spring), I didn't pack a picnic lunch. This proved

to be real foresight because we never could have participated in a picnic; the wind would have blown our lunch right out of our hands.

Driving north on Interstate 25, we reached Fort Collins, Colorado, in slightly more than an hour. Wayne, Emily, and I have been on the campus of Colorado State University several times, but Alison and Clark had never seen it. We took time for only a brief glimpse and, of course, found it changed somewhat even in the few weeks since Wayne and I were last there. As is true of most universities these days, new buildings are always under construction. C.S.U. has a College of Veterinary Medicine where they do a great deal of research with small animals, especially dogs. Undoubtedly if Alison maintains her interest in this field for a career, she will attend this institution.

There is no interstate highway between Fort Collins and Laramie, Wyoming, but it is a very beautiful drive most of the distance. Having made a brief tour of the C.S.U. campus, we felt it only fair to do the same at the University of Wyoming. I hadn't seen it since Kristin first enrolled a number of years ago, and it had many new buildings completed besides two very tall ones under construction. There were doubtless others also, but these two dominate the entire city.

We continued on north of Laramie to the quarries, located a few miles from Wheatland, Wyoming. One was about a half-mile distant from the narrow road and up on a ridge. Let me just say that, accustomed as I am to the spring winds in Colorado, I thought the wind had never blown so hard. Wayne said he knew that it had — one time when he was up in Wyoming he was actually blown off his feet. It does make the climb rather strenuous when one has to face into such force, but we all made it, including Lucky. Such exercise, however, was a welcome break in a full day of driving.

After picking up rock samples for our next-door enthusiast as well as for ourselves, we headed back towards Denver. Our return route took us to — or rather close to — Cheyenne. Because we had rejoined the interstate highway we didn't actually get into Cheyenne. It is always a thrill for me to view the miles of Front Range of the Rockies. From north of Cheyenne all the way south into Denver we feasted our eyes on this magnificent treat.

Sincerely,
Abigail

MOTHERS WILL UNDERSTAND MARY BETH'S EMBARRASSMENT

Dear Friends:

The morning is off and running full tilt and I'm scurrying about trying to keep up with the change in the washing-machine cycle, getting a dry load of clothes out of the dryer and a wet one into it, and overseeing the grand march of the children out the door to school. It must have been a divine guidance that directed Donald and me to locate within walking distance of the school the children attend, because if they relied on a school bus to transport them, they would never be on time for the bus.

I feel like Pooh Bear from A. A. Milne's famous books when he cries, "OH, HELP!". Those of you with school age youngsters — because surely this will improve and/or go away with maturity and self-reliance — can sympathize with this pre-eight-o'clock-in-the-morning frenzied all-out push! We do everything possible and imaginable to ease this pre-dawn program. Clothes are laid out the night before so they can be stepped into, fireman-style, on arising. School books are in their satchels, standing ready for action beside the front door. The only remaining tasks for these small scouts is to dress, which is totally automatic, eat, and this is laid out before them as it has been for years and years, wash the breakfast off their teeth and faces, and comb their hair. But would you believe it, it takes them almost two hours! One problem seems to be the failure to put scarves and the second shoe of a pair where they can easily be found!

Thank goodness for the end of a l-o-o-ng winter and the beginning of a new season! One last item about winter! We have no skis, but a classmate loaned Paul a pair, and his parents took Paul on a day-long skiing trip. What kind parents to take a seven-year-old who had never been on skis on such an outing! Reports have it that Paul and his host tangled skis and both plunged into a snowbank. And Paul forgot to let loose of the tow rope when someone ahead fell down and his host had to race ahead to pull Paul loose before he ran over the unfortunate skier. It sounded like a day of great sport — at least for Paul!

The biggest excitement for the family was the result of a trip to the doctor with Adrienne. (I can laugh about this now but at the time it lacked any amusement; in fact, I was embarrassed because I felt it reflected on the state of my housekeeping.) Adrienne had



Mary Beth was ready for a spring coffee when Donald took this picture of the dining room in their new home. The chandelier is of pewter and delf. The edge of the china cupboard is at the left.

been complaining of a stomach-ache, mostly at mealtime, which we took for an excuse to avoid some particular item that she would rather not eat. However, we listened with deaf ears for only so long, and finally decided to call her bluff and hustle her to the doctor. He examined her completely and was as baffled by her complaint as we had been. There were two possibilities that he would test her for, and if these tests didn't prove out he was stumped.

Well, he was right on the button with his diagnosis — and I have since learned it is a frequent malady with children who have their fingers in their mouths a lot — Adrienne had *worms*. Doesn't that sound awful? What was worse was the news that the entire family had to take medication. Apparently it is quite contagious, especially within a family; and as luck would have it we had entertained two school friends on one of the evenings

THE SPRAYS AGE

We spray our throats for laryngitis,
And spray our noses for sinusitis;
We even spray for cuts and bleeds.
We spray for noxious vines and weeds;
We spray our crops for plant disease.
We spray our pets for ticks and fleas.
We spray for aphids on our plants,
And moth-spray dresses, coats, and pants.

We spray the polish on our shoes
With any color that we choose.
We paint-spray cars and flowerpots
Our canisters and our what-nots.
Just think of work that is abolished
When furniture is just spray polished.
We spray for bugs around the house
And then with fragrant sprays we douse
Ourselves, then aerosol each room
With lilac, rose, or pine perfume.
Goodness, what would we do today
If no one had invented spray?

—Gladise Kelly

of the weekend prior to this diagnosis, so I had to telephone their mothers and tell them what their kiddies had been exposed to in our house and explain that the incubation period was two weeks. Believe me, I was shot-down with embarrassment.

Donald was amused at my queasiness over this subject. I didn't dare tell Adrienne why she was taking medication except that she had picked up germs on her fingers and this medicine would take care of it. If I had told her she had worms she would have told all and sundry at school and church and the neighborhood. She is the original "Pathe-News" of the family. I would hasten to add that the medication was not foul-tasting and it took only two weeks, so things could have been worse.

While recovering my dignity over this episode, I noticed in the newspaper that the road company performing "The Student Prince" by Sigmund Romberg was coming to a theater in downtown Milwaukee, and I thought an afternoon of light culture was just what the doctor ordered. We got tickets for a Saturday matinee, and any doubts that I had concerning the wisdom of taking one so young as Adrienne were quickly dispelled. She loved it. Paul loved it. Katharine sat transfixed through the entire performance. The house is now ringing with their renditions of some of the songs. The gentleman who shared the starring role, Allen Jones, made a small speech after all the curtain calls, expressing the cast's delight at having such an enthusiastic audience for the type of music that was in "The Student Prince". He said he was gratified that in this day and age of questionable music the audience should enjoy an attempt to bring back good songs and beautiful music. As an encore he sang the song which he introduced when he co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald in "Firefly" — *Donkey Serenade*. He is quite a performer and, indeed, it was a distinct treat to hear these favorite old tunes sung again.

I must bring this letter to a close and run to the grocery before Adrienne gets home for lunch. Some mysterious intruder has been slipping in unnoticed and drinking up all the milk that the delivery man leaves at our door. I buy enough milk to feed an army, it seems, but suddenly the past few weeks I can't keep enough in the house. Could it be the appetites in this house are increasing with the rapid growth of the small fry? Perhaps it isn't a mysterious intruder, after all!

Until next month,

Mary Beth

"A Gadget to Fix the Gizzmo"

by
Esther Sigsbee



Industrial designers must live a life of utter frustration. They keep going back to the old drawing board to design a tool they think is foolproof. It is, too, until it meets up with the average housewife, who never, never, uses a tool for the job for which it was intended!

Take one little gadget called, I think, the cross-point screwdriver. This is an instrument with a kind of star-flanged doobitty on the end and it is supposedly useable with an identically grooved cross-point screw. You can't screw cross-point screws with an ordinary screwdriver and you can't drive an ordinary screw with the cross-point driver.

What they totally overlooked, of course, is that anything with a handle is good for prying. You can pry open a peach crate, for example, and it works very well.

One thing a girl ought to be thoughtful about when picking a husband is to see that she gets one who is handy about the house. I never heard of any young girl who actually considered such things when she was falling in love, but I still say she would save herself a lot of trouble in the next 50 years if she refused to say, "I do", until she was sure he could put up extra shelves in the closets and plane off doors when they start sticking. But strangely enough most women put more stock in whether their prospective husband is a smooth dancer or whether or not bells ring when he kisses her.

I confess that I picked my own husband by the traditional, slovenly and heretofore mentioned method. But through plain, dumb luck, I also got a guy who is very handy around the house. That is, he is handy when I can keep him around the house long enough to fix things. Lots of times he says he'll do it later after he goes fishing.

I am not discounting the advantages of having a husband who can paint walls, landscape yards, design and build furniture and all that stuff. I just want to say, that even then a gal doesn't have it completely made, because, if he is really a good workman, he is apt to have expensive tools to

match, and he guards those tools and is just about as jealous to keep them in pristine condition as he is of his wife's virtue!

All sorts of problems come up when a housewife is alone. She needs to drive a tack, and of course, a pair of pliers has a nice flat edge for that. A hammer is just dandy for propping open a bin lid. A chisel makes a dandy weight to hold down the top paper on a stack of newspapers. A saw is fine for cutting a picnic ham in half. And you can't beat a hacksaw blade for cutting linoleum.

The difficulty is that although your handy husband has all those gadgets, through previous, and what he considers sad, experience he doesn't want to let you at them. Some husbands put their tools on their truck and take them to work; some hide them; and some lock them in their tool chests. My husband does all three of those things!

This leaves me, and I suspect countless other homemakers, to resort to what I call our own indispensable tool kit. First item on this is a razor blade.

You can do all sorts of things with a razor blade. I don't have to tell you girls about that. Most times the only razor blade available is the one the husband is currently shaving with, but don't let that stop you. After you get done scraping what you have to scrape, put it back in the razor and he'll never know the difference. (All of us who have ever tried it, know what a wry joke I just made!)

A dime should be included in every housewife's handy tool kit. You can use it for unscrewing screws, prying open cans, and making up the difference in what you have to pay the paperboy.

A heavy-heeled shoe is practically indispensable when you have to drive a nail to hang a picture, and a folded wad of newspaper makes a dandy door stop.

There is practically no end to what you can do with paper clips, toothpicks and bobby pins. You can use them for cleaning the grease from the seams in the kitchen stove or around the sinks, the grooves on switch knobs and the holes in salt shakers. Toothpicks are



MIRACLE OF BIRTH

by Cora Ellen Sobieski

When I was ten years old I yearned for a kitten to love. My mother forbade me to have one thinking that I was apt to be forgetful and would surely forget to feed and care for it. Daily I pleaded but Mother's answer was always a firm "No!". After continuous pleading Mother finally weakened a bit, saying, "The only way I'll consent to a kitten is if God should send you one."

My hope was strong and my days were filled with constant prayer. One night snug in bed in the midst of my prayers I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to bring Mother's throw rug in after shaking it out for her that day. I had left it by the back steps. I am forgetful, I thought unhappily. No wonder Mother won't allow a kitten. I vowed I'd get the rug in the house the first thing in the morning before Mother noticed I hadn't brought it in.

When dawn arose I sleepily went to the back steps to fulfill my vow. And I found that God had answered my prayers. I eagerly called Mother and she could hardly believe her eyes. For there, on the rug I had forgotten to bring in, was a stray cat and her newly born litter. We found homes for all, and little Faith, who was my choice and named by me, made her home with Mother and me. This experience has stayed with me all my life and made me very much aware always of the power of prayer.

fine for keeping a garlic bud where you can find it in a stew. Bobby pins are handy for fixing the gizzmo on the toilet flush and if you unbend a coat hanger, you can fish out things you don't want to go down the drain.

Although no one uses ice picks as such since Mr. Refrigerator took the drip out of food preservation, women still find ice picks a wonderful asset in home tool kits. They are ideal for fixing toasters, separating frozen slices of meat, punching holes in cans and holding the screen door shut.

The Household Hint columnists in the newspapers have made fortunes out of what we girls find around the house to use when we don't have access to our husbands' tool kits.

Let them keep their precious folding rulers, planes and pliers. As long as we have our ingenuity, who needs them?

**CLUB LUNCHEON CASSEROLE**

4 cups diced, cooked chicken
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 cup chicken broth
 2 Tbls. finely diced onion
 3/4 cup diced celery
 1 can Chinese noodles
 1/2 cup slivered almonds
 Crushed potato chips for topping

Combine all ingredients in a greased casserole and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Sprinkle with crushed potato chips and bake about 10 more minutes.

FRUITY SALAD

1 can pineapple tidbits (#211 size)
 1 pkg. orange-banana gelatin
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 2 cups pineapple juice
 20 large marshmallows
 1 cup whipping cream
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 Drain pineapple, and to the juice, add enough water to make 2 cups of liquid. Dissolve the marshmallows and gelatin in the boiling juice. Chill until it begins to thicken. Whip the cream and to it stir in the mayonnaise. Into this mixture, crumble, or dice very fine, the cream cheese and add the pineapple pieces. Fold into the gelatin. Chill until firm. —Margery

SKILLET PORK CHOPS

4 large, thick pork chops
 1/3 cup rice
 1 medium-sized onion, diced
 1 green pepper, diced
 1 #2 can tomatoes
 Brown chops in about 2 Tbls. shortening. Pour rice around the chops. Place onion and green pepper over all. Season with salt and pepper. Pour tomatoes over all. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for about one hour. If necessary, add a small amount of water during the cooking. Usually canned tomatoes are "juicy enough" that additional liquid is not necessary.

SPECIAL APPLE COOKIES

3/4 cup vegetable shortening
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 cups flour
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 tsp. cloves
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 cup raisins
 1/2 cup nutmeats
 1 cup raw chopped apple

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat well. Add flavorings to milk. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the liquid. Lastly, add raisins, nutmeats and chopped apple. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet and bake for about 12 minutes at 375 degrees. —Margery

SPANISH GREEN BEANS

3 slices bacon, diced
 1 small green pepper, diced
 1 small onion, sliced
 1 clove garlic (optional)
 1 qt. cooked green beans, drained
 2 cups tomatoes
 1/3 cup tomato catsup
 Fry bacon bits in skillet until brown. Stir in pepper, onion and garlic. Continue cooking, stirring, until onion is golden brown. Add drained beans, tomatoes and catsup. Cover tightly and simmer 30 minutes.

This is an excellent recipe to prepare in an electric skillet. If you are fond of garlic, the garlic bud can be chopped and added with the onion. If you are a bit more cautious, put a toothpick in the whole garlic clove, tuck it into the skillet and let it simmer with the beans and tomatoes, and remove before serving. —Evelyn

ELEGANT TUNA SHEPHERD'S PIE

2 7-oz. cans chunk tuna, drained
 1 1/2 cups frozen peas (thawed)
 1 1/2 cups cooked sliced carrots
 1 small can mushroom pieces, drained
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1/4 cup milk
 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
 4 cups seasoned mashed potatoes

Combine the tuna, peas, carrots, mushroom pieces, soup and milk and mix well. Beat the onion into the mashed potatoes. Arrange half of the potato mixture in a greased 2-quart casserole and top with the tuna mixture. Spoon the rest of the potatoes around the edge of the casserole, and bake in a 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes. —Dorothy

GERMAN-STYLE SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. vegetable flavored gelatin
 4 cups boiling water
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1/4 cup minced onion
 2 cups sauerkraut, drained
 1 pimiento, diced

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add vinegar. Chill until mixture starts to congeal, and then add onion, sauerkraut and pimiento. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. Serve on salad greens with a dab of salad dressing.

CHERRY PECAN BREAD

1 cup sugar
 1/4 cup butter
 1 egg
 2 cups sifted flour
 3 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 3/4 cup chopped pecans
 1 small jar maraschino cherries, chopped
 Juice from cherries, plus enough water to make 1/4 cup liquid
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1/2 cup water
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Cream the sugar, butter and egg until light and fluffy. Sift the dry ingredients together and mix in the chopped cherries and pecans. Combine the cherry juice, water and flavorings. Add the dry ingredients to the sugar mixture alternately with the liquid. Stir until well blended. Place batter in a 9- x 5- x 3-inch loaf pan that has been greased and floured *only* on the bottom. Bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

It is always better to let this type of bread cool in the pan before turning out, and it will slice much nicer if it stands as long as overnight. —Dorothy

SUNNY CARROTS

5 medium carrots
 1 Tbls. sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. cornstarch
 A pinch of ginger
 1/4 cup orange juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 Slice or dice carrots. Cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain. Combine remaining ingredients, cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Pour over hot carrots. Serve immediately.

CHERRY DESSERT

1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
 3 Tbls. sugar
 6 Tbls. butter
 Make a crumb crust of these ingredients. Press into a large glass baking dish and chill for 1 hour, or bake at 350 degrees for about 8 minutes.

1 can tart red cherries
 2/3 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Combine sugar and cornstarch. Add to cherries with flavorings and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Cool.

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
 1 10 1/2-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows

Fold the marshmallows and whipped cream into the thickened cherries. Spread over the graham cracker crust and chill for several hours before serving. This dessert can also be frozen for later use. —Margery

BAKED FISH FILLETS

1 pkg. frozen fish fillets
 1 Tbls. minced onion
 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
 1/4 cup grated American cheese
 1/2 cup milk

Thaw the fillets, cut into servings and place in a shallow baking dish. Sauté the onion in the butter or margarine until lightly browned. Add the salt, pepper, bread crumbs and cheese and toss with a fork until well mixed. Spread this over the fillets and press it down firmly. Pour the milk around the fish and bake in a 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes. —Dorothy

ANOTHER SEAFOOD CASSEROLE*(Expensive but worth it!)*

1 8-oz. pkg. egg noodles
 1 can frozen cream of shrimp soup
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1 lb. cooked, cleaned shrimp, cut into chunks
 1 7 1/2-oz. can crab meat, flaked
 1 4-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 3 Tbls. chopped onion
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1/4 cup slivered almonds
 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Cook noodles according to package directions; drain and rinse. Combine soup with milk and heat, stirring constantly, until smooth. Remove from heat; add shrimp, crab, water chestnuts, mushrooms, green pepper, onion, salt and pepper. Alternate noodles and creamed mixture in layers in a greased 2 1/2-quart casserole. Top with almonds and cheese. Bake in 350-degree oven about 30 minutes.

—Abigail

SPICY OATMEAL CAKE

1 1/4 cups boiling water
 1 cup rolled oats
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/2 cup soft margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 eggs, unbeaten
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 tsp. cinnamon

Pour the boiling water over the oats, cover and set aside. Cream the sugar and margarine. Add the flavorings and the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the oats mixture and mix well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add, stirring until well blended. Pour into a greased and floured 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan and bake approximately 35 to 40 minutes, or until done. Heat the following ingredients together and spread evenly over the hot cake:

1/4 cup margarine
 1/4 cup cream or evaporated milk
 1/2 cup coconut
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 Place cake low under broiler until topping is lightly browned and bubbly.

GOOD AND MOIST CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups white sugar
 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 5 Tbls. cocoa
 1/4 tsp. salt
 2 unbeaten eggs
 1 cup salad oil
 1 cup buttermilk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 tsp. soda
 1 cup hot water

Sift together into a bowl the sugar, flour, baking powder, cocoa and salt. Dissolve the soda in the hot water and add along with the remaining ingredients. Beat for two minutes, either by hand or at medium speed with a mixer. The batter will be thin. Bake in a 350-degree oven until done (45 minutes, if baked in a 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan; 30 minutes, if baked in layer pans). This cake not only has a delicious flavor, but it stayed nice and moist for several days in my cake container.

HOT DEVILED BEETS

1 can beets
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
 1/2 tsp. paprika
 1 Tbls. honey
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 Salt to taste

Blend all ingredients together and heat. Pour over cooked beets, sliced or diced, and heat slowly over low flame.

—Dorothy

SWISS MEAT LOAF

1 lb. lean ground beef
 1 egg
 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
 1/2 cup grated Swiss cheese
 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
 1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce
 1 tsp. caraway seeds
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 Swiss cheese slices
 Chopped parsley

Combine beef, egg, onion, cheese, bread crumbs, 1/4 cup of the tomato sauce, caraway seeds, salt and pepper. Form into loaf shape and place in shallow baking dish. Bake in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes. Spoon remaining tomato sauce over top of loaf. Place cheese slices on top. Continue to bake about 15 more minutes. Garnish with parsley. —Abigail

DELICIOUS RED PUNCH

- 1 large can red Hawaiian punch (1 qt. 14 oz.)
- 1 large can pineapple juice (1 qt. 14 oz.)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 2 cans frozen orange juice, undiluted
- 2 cans frozen lemonade, undiluted
- 2 quarts ginger ale
- Food coloring, if desired

Combine all the juices. Frozen juice is added as it comes from the can (the ginger ale dilutes it.) Stir in flavoring. Just before serving, add ginger ale. If a *bright* red color is desired, add red food coloring.

This is an especially delicious fruit punch with a clear tangy flavor.

—Evelyn

SURPRISE HOT SANDWICHES

- 3/4 lb. Cheddar cheese
- 1 lb. bologna
- 2 sweet pickles
- 1 tsp. onion
- 1/4 cup mild prepared mustard
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise

Grind cheese, bologna, pickles and onion together. Stir in mustard and mayonnaise. Scoop out inside of wiener buns. Fill with meat mixture. Wrap in aluminum foil and put on cooky sheet. Heat at 350 degrees until hot through.

This is good "kid fare". Add potato chips, pop and ice cream for dessert.

ORANGE-COCONUT COFFEECAKE

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 3 tsp. baking powder

Beat the egg. Add the milk, sugar, salt and flavorings. Stir in 1/2 cup of the flour and the melted shortening. Add the orange juice. Sift together the remaining flour and the baking powder and add, beating thoroughly. Pour into a greased and floured pan (10 inches in diameter), sprinkle with the following topping, and bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes.

Topping

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg

—Dorothy

FROZEN GREEN BEAN SALAD

- 2 pkgs. frozen green beans, cooked in salted water, drained and cooled.
 - 1 can pimientos, finely cut
 - 1/2 cup nutmeats, chopped
 - 1/4 cup sweet cucumber pickles, finely cut
 - 1/2 cup celery, finely cut
 - 1/2 cup cabbage, shredded
 - 1/4 cup onion, finely cut
- Mix and add to following dressing:
- 2 slices bacon, diced, fried and drained
 - 3 Tbls. sugar
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup vinegar
 - 1/2 cup water

Boil together and cool before adding to vegetables.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops
- Salt to taste
- 1/4 tsp. ground sage (rounding)
- 4 apples
- 1/4 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins

Brown the chops well on both sides in a frying pan. When well browned, place them in a baking dish or pan. Sprinkle with salt and ground sage. Slice the apples and lay over the top, then sprinkle the brown sugar over the apples. Make gravy by adding the the flour to the grease in the frying pan, adding the water, vinegar, raisins and salt to taste. Stir until thickened, but not too thick. A little more water may have to be added. Pour this over the chops. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

PEANUT BUTTER-MARSHMALLOW LOGS

- 2 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 cup marshmallow creme
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine sugar and milk in heavy saucepan. Cook until a soft ball is formed when a little is dropped in a cup of cold water. Remove from fire and immediately stir in rest of ingredients. As soon as all are blended, pour onto a large buttered platter. Cut while still slightly warm and roll in hands to make a "log" shape. Wrap individually if you plan to store for a time. This freezes very well.

—Evelyn

UNUSUAL DATE BARS

- 1 cup fine graham cracker crumbs
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 1/2 cups chopped dates
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 3 eggs, well beaten
 - 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- Combine the crumbs, salt, baking powder, dates and nuts. Beat the flavorings into the eggs and add the brown sugar gradually, beating until the mixture is smooth. Beat the crumb mixture into the egg mixture and pour into a large well-greased pan (9 x 13). Bake for 25 minutes in a 375-degree oven. Cool slightly, cut into two-inch squares while still warm and roll in powdered sugar.

DELICIOUS FROZEN SALAD

(Made in Paper Cups)

- 2 cups dairy sour cream
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, diced
- 1/4 cup pecans, chopped
- 1 banana, diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (see below)

Food coloring if desired

Combine all ingredients. Add the Kitchen-Klatter flavoring you want to emphasize — cherry, pineapple or banana. Use 1/4 tsp. of one of the flavorings. Color may be added if you want to match a particular color scheme. (Add green for spring; red coloring makes a lovely pink salad; put in a bit of yellow if you prefer a yellow tinted salad.)

Spoon the mixture into small paper cups or the crinkled baking cups which have been placed in muffin tins and freeze. Keep frozen until serving time. If stored for any length of time the salads can be removed from muffin tins and placed in a plastic bag.

—Evelyn

BROILED OPEN SANDWICH

For each sandwich, toast a slice of bread on one side. Spread untoasted side with mayonnaise, and then place on a slice of tomato, slice of cheese, and top with two strips of bacon which have been partially fried. Put under broiler or on top shelf of oven, set at 350 degrees, and bake until cheese is melted and bacon is crisp.

—Margery

THE TALE OF THE CLOTHESLINE

by
Beatrice Boyd

I would never be one to advocate a return to the "good old days", but they did have compensations. Take washday, for instance, before the advent of the clothes' dryer. Good neighbors vied for the honor of having the whitest wash on the line at the earliest hour on Monday morning.

You could tell at a glance when a new baby had arrived. Diapers waved the glad news on sunny days or dripped their story when the weather was grey and gloomy.

Gay colors flirted on the line when a little girl lived in the house. Blue jeans marching across the line proclaimed an army of little boys. You could tell the housewife who loved to sew: her line was adorned with linens and towels lovingly embroidered with roses and bluebirds and any number of things that took her fancy. You could always tell where a bride lived, for where else would you see a line that flaunted clothes so bright and obviously new? Not even the man alone was granted obscurity, for the lonely blue shirt flapping on the line told its sad story.

When March first arrived with its traditional moving day, your first peek at the newcomers was likely to be via the clothesline. After the first washday, you knew a surprising lot about the new neighbors. You knew if the wife was thin or fat — the husband tall or stout. You knew the approximate number, sizes, and sexes of the children. You probably formed an opinion of milady's housekeeping without ever having set a foot inside her door.

Spring cleaning; that was *something!* There was the sturdy wool comforter with its bright square blocks. Sister's coat and Dad's old Sunday pants were still quite recognizable. In the deepest shade, where they would be protected from fading, hung the "good" quilts with their gay rainbows of color in intricate shapes and designs. Some were the product of the past winter's work, some were older than the hands that washed and hung them there with gentle care, made by hands forever stilled. Doilies, tablecloths, and bedspreads hung in bright array to add their harmony to the song of spring.

Ah yes, I appreciate the convenience of modern appliances, but I do miss the stories the clothesline told.



The Stroms' dog, Nickie.

HE'S MY DOG

He doesn't care if my hair's uncombed
Or if my jeans are torn.
It matters not if my make-up's gone,
My sneakers badly worn.

He's still the same when my voice is harsh

And a frown sits on my brow.

Though others love me when I'm sweet,
He loves me anyhow !!! —Leta Fulmer

COVER PICTURE

Kristin and Arthur Brase and their little son Andrew send their May greetings from Saratoga, Wyoming. We're expecting to see them this summer when they come to Iowa to visit Kristin's parents, Frank and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson. Andy will have his first ride on the little pony waiting for him on his grandparents' farm.

IS ENGLISH LANGUAGE HARDEST OF ALL?

I take it you already know
Of tough and bough and cough and dough?

Others may stumble, but not you
On hiccough, thorough, lough, and through?

And cork and work and card and ward,
And font and front and word and sword.
Well done! And now if you wish,
perhaps,

To learn of less familiar traps?

Beware of heard, a dreadful word
That looks like beard and sounds like bird.

And dead: it's said like bed, not bead —

For goodness sake don't call it
"deed"!

Watch out for meat and great and threat,
(They rhyme with suite and straight and debt.)

A moth is not a moth in mother,
Nor both in bother, broth in brother.

And here is not a match for there,
Nor dear and fear for bear and pear,
And then there's dose and rose and lose —

Just look them up — and goose and choose,

And do and go, then thwart and cart.
Come, come, I've hardly made a start!
A dreadful language? Man alive,
I'd mastered it when I was five!

— Unknown



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A REASON FOR BEING

by
Evelyn Birkby

One of the joys of spring is the opportunity to get outdoors frequently. Since we in our family are pioneers at heart (born one hundred years *too late*) every nice day is a signal to be outside doing *something*.

This activity can take the form of repairing the tree house after a winter of neglect, getting out the baseball and bat, helping with the gardening and riding bicycles around and around and around. This desire to stay out beyond the confines of the house even reaches into mealtime.

On a recent warm, sunny Saturday our three boys asked if it wasn't time to get out the grill.

"It sounds like a fine idea. You boys just go right ahead," I agreed.

"We'll get it out and ready to use if you'll let us fix supper all by ourselves." It didn't take a second of consideration for me to accept this generous offer.

They washed off the grill. One piece needed a bit of repair and that took some thought and effort. Finally, the charcoal was in place, liquid firestarter poured carefully over all, the match lighted and soon a warm, ruddy glow began to spread through the black cubes.

Three pairs of legs and six willing hands began carrying food and dishes and silver from the kitchen to the terrace. I had the same feeling I get when watching ants go back and forth into their nests.

After one whispered conference the supper committee went to the storage closet, pulled out the card table and proceeded to use it as a place to arrange the foodstuffs next to the grill.

"Come on out, Mom and Dad," *serving chairman* Jeff called. "Make a line and get what you want." So Robert and I made a line. We spooned up pork and beans onto our paper plates, we forked onion rings out of a can, we added buns, potato chips, pickles and iced tea to our trays. *Chief chef* Bob laid a piping hot wiener on each bun. *Traffic director* Craig ordered: "Go sit at the picnic table."

It was a memorable meal. The boys beamed their pleasure at having done every bit of the planning and work *themselves*.

"Can we do this again tomorrow night?" Craig quired.

"Well . . . no, not tomorrow night. But it would be fun to plan another cookout for next Saturday evening."



Three good reasons Evelyn has for being! Jeff and Craig Birkby admire big brother Bob's brand-new Eagle Scout badge. Both younger boys are determined that they too, will someday earn this high award.

As I ate the toasted marshmallow which was dessert I decided that being a mother is the grandest, most exciting, rewarding profession on earth.

Later that evening Robert and I talked about the events of the day. "It takes an experience like this to remind us how important the family is," Robert commented. "With all the advancement in technology, and the upheavals and uncertainties of the world, the only place left where we can build any kind of security is in our home."

"That reminds me of a letter I read some time ago in a magazine," I chimed in. "It was written by a husband and father. His wife became ill and he was forced to take over the duties of the house and children. His final comment was to the effect that he realized what women have always known; the family is the reason for our being."

"Oh, many men realize that fact even without doing all the work a mother does; they just don't get around to expressing it out loud." Robert wasn't

HAPPY TRAVELING

Do you dread long trips with your youngsters, and often wish for traveling entertainment to keep them contented and happy?

This interesting travel game is simple and expense free. Before leaving home, cut from catalogs, magazines or other papers pictures of flowers, mailboxes, animals, churches, schools, etc. Put these in a box and let each child select a picture when the trip begins.

The motive of the game is to find objects along the highway similar to the picture in hand. Other pictures cannot be taken from the box until the one in hand is matched.

—Evelyn Pickering

about to get himself into a corner where *he* would need to do these household tasks to *prove* anything!

"I'm sure that's true. But I think women are at fault, too. We tend to downgrade our own job as wife and mother. I complain too much about the humdrum part of homemaking. When I stop and think of other jobs, it is obvious they have routine, dull aspects, too. It's so easy to think of myself as 'just a housewife' and act as if my role in life isn't particularly important. I guess work outside the home often looks more exciting and glamorous and it is easy to forget that the family truly is the heart of our whole society."

"At least *you* can decide whether to make the beds at eight o'clock or scrub the floor at nine. You can use your talents and express your own personality in many ways in your home that would be impossible to do in a business office. Who ever heard of a ledger bringing you a bunch of dandelions, or giving you a goodnight hug and kiss? They don't grow and mature into interesting young people, either. And I never heard of a typewriter planning and putting together a nice meal like our boys did tonight." Robert picked up the paper and I knew his share of the conversation was over.

As I went about the house "picking up" before bedtime, our conversation was on my mind. Where, indeed, can a person be so completely herself as in the home? Where else can a fresh dress, a bit of lipstick and a comb run through the hair bring as spontaneous an expression of love as "Oh, Mom, you look pretty"? Where else could two stubs of candles and a hand-picked bouquet of violets lift an ordinary meal into a banquet? Where else do the small happenings of the day loom as importantly: a scratched finger, a new baby kitten, a lost button, an opening cocoon, a school paper with a good mark, a feverish forehead, the pangs of hunger. It takes imagination to lift a day out of boring routine, I thought, just like today when the boys decided to prepare supper all by themselves. It takes time and understanding and love. It takes a lifetime.

Being a wife and mother has many responsibilities, I sighed as I turned toward the bedroom to prepare for the night. But how rewarding a life it is. Routine, yes, but with a wonderful purpose. Demanding, often, but the returns far outweigh the cost. Frequently dull and humdrum, but it is such a satisfaction to be needed and loved in a job that is truly the most important in the world — a reason for being!

AZALEAS WILL GROW IN THE MIDWEST

by
Edith G. Pierce

For over two weeks in May, my Mollis Azaleas light up a corner of our Iowa farm home like a flame. And like a flame that quickly flares, I am suddenly back in one of the most cherished memories of my girlhood, and I am happy that my own persistence brought it about. For azaleas are rare in Iowa.

Longer ago than I like to admit, while I was still in high school, I spent a year in Humboldt County, in California. This is redwood country, where the giant Sequoias rear their straight trunks skywards, having grown slowly in girth and height for perhaps a thousand years.

We frequently went to the great woods, where we walked reverently along paths made soft by a millennium carpet of the fallen redwood leaves, through dim aisles bordered by verdant ferns and the artificial-appearing Oregon Grape. There was always soft music there, if you listened, a sweet silver singing as the tall branches whispered in the slightest breeze — a background accompaniment to the voices of the birds.

It was indeed a Cathedral, and in no man-made house of worship have I ever felt the awesome presence of the Maker of All as there within the shelter of those tall trees.

Walking farther, we came out into a partial clearing, where earlier logging had been done, and where there was more space between the trees. Here I had my first glimpse of the azaleas — bright spots of flame among other shrubbery, mostly laurel and rhododendron, each exquisite in its blooming season.

A native Iowan, I had never seen azaleas, and I was enraptured by them. Possibly the feeling of reverence and awe that every trip through these areas gave me added to my desire to grow them when I returned home. But no one believed they would grow here! Experienced nurserymen discouraged me.

"Our climate isn't right," they said. "They need the cool, moist, salty air that comes from the ocean." So for years I relinquished the longing to have these beautiful shrubs in my own yard.

But some ten or twelve years ago, the old desire came back, and I resolved to "squander" a limited amount of cash in experimentation. I read

everything I could find on the culture of azaleas, and came to the conclusion that it was soil, and not climate, that induced or prohibited their growth.

"Acid soil," the books all said. Our soil isn't acid. We are underlaid with limestone and we keep adding more to the top soil in order to improve our crops. But the azaleas I remembered grew beneath the Sequoias, trees that shed their narrow leaves continuously, yet so gradually that their limbs are never bare. We don't have the Sequoias here in Iowa, but we do have other evergreens, dozens of them: spruce, pine and cedars. Surely, beneath those trees the soil must be similar.

So, I ordered some azaleas. The variety "Mollis", commonly called "flame", is said to be the hardest, so I chose them. While I awaited their arrival, I set about preparing a place for them.

I had learned that they disliked too much sun and that winter sun was particularly damaging. I selected a spot at the north-east corner of the house. A wing to the west supplies a partial windbreak. There is also a down-spout there.

Just around the corner, on the north, I dug a hole of generous size and depth, scattering that soil elsewhere, and laboriously carried in top dirt from beneath some huge pines to fill up the space I had created.

When the plants arrived they were carefully planted in the soft brown loam, still with plenty of not-yet-disintegrated pine needles within it. For several years their growth was slow, yet they lived, much to the surprise of my gardening friends, and, in fact, to me. Today, they are thick, sturdy bushes, five feet tall. They soon commenced blooming, and each year become more beautiful.

It is during their blooming period, usually around Mother's Day, that I especially enjoy entertaining friends, in order to hear their admiring, but incredulous, "Those are azaleas? But azaleas won't grow in Iowa!"

But azaleas will grow anywhere in the Midwest, given the right soil, a partial shade, and plenty of moisture. Mine get sun until about mid-morning, I do not find it necessary to water them except in prolonged drought, as the down-spout provides a good soaking from just a light shower. More bloom is assured, however, if they do have plenty of moisture during the fall season, when the buds are forming.

The roots of these plants grow very near the surface, and all weeds and grassy growth should be pulled, never



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hoed. I occasionally carry in more soil from beneath the pines and pile it around them. This puts the fine roots a bit farther below the surface, where they are less liable to be damaged during dry weather.

I might add that several envious friends have attempted to raise azaleas by using chemical acidifiers, but have not been able to develop the strong growth my pine-needle-planted ones have.

And each year, when the shrubs are a big ball of flame, I again experience the wonderful feeling of awe and reverence of my girlhood year, when I walked softly through a cathedral aisle, and came out, unexpectedly, into a partial clearing ablaze with azalea bloom. But with one difference: this is Iowa, in my own dooryard.



IN THE BEGINNING

He molded mountains with His mighty hand, and smoothed the plains we call the prairie land. Out of darkness He created light, and made the day to follow after night. He caused the sun and moon to start a-spinning, and loosed the wind and rain . . . in the beginning . . .

He placed the stars throughout the firmament. He planned the seasons with His wise intent. He dug huge canyons, mammoth rivers, lakes — Created snow in myriad diamond flakes. He made the oceans — made them rise and fall. In but six days, alone, He did it all . . . in the beginning . . .

Out of chaos He arranged all things in ordered fashion — neatly tied the strings. He populated Earth with man and beast — No one the greater than the very least . . . in the beginning . . .

Now Man makes this, and Man makes that, and smiles while other men applaud — forgets he couldn't do a thing without the blessed help of God . . . in the beginning . . .

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

ROLL OUT THE ROLLS

by
Evelyn Pickering

Some folks roll out the "red carpet" and entertain new neighbors with a welcoming party. Others display friendliness by presenting gayly-wrapped gifts when mothers bring their small "bundles of joy" from the hospital.

My pocket book doesn't allow many store-bought gifts, and I am not worth a dime on party planning, but (forgive the egotism) I can bake a pan of "mouth watering" home-made rolls.

Several years ago, when an out-of-state couple moved next door to us, I was not physically strong enough to help tidy up her new home, but I did take over a good-sized pan of ready-to-rise rolls. In several days she returned the pan, thanking me for this unusual treat, and asking for my roll recipe. Thus began a close friendship that has ripened and matured through the years.

More recently, a young neighbor came from the hospital with a small son. Knowing she had been unable to hire help, I rolled out my dough board and prepared a large pan of refrigerator rolls. These and a can of baby talc declared my best wishes to mother, father, and the new son. Later this mother told me the hot rolls and a can of soup made a satisfying lunch for her and her working husband. The welcoming rolls were a tie that bound us together — she a young, inexperi-



Mary Wilcox and Eleanor Harms of the Kitchen-Klatter office check an order in the morning mail.

enced, and often bewildered mother, and I, a much older mother willing to share the knowledge I'd acquired while rearing five full-of-life youngsters to normal adulthood.

Are you wondering if I have a magic wand to wave when these unexpected occasions arise? There are no tricks or magic — just a large batch of refrigerator rolls always on hand. They will keep a week if placed in a large greased bowl, covered tightly and set in the refrigerator. When the need arises to say "Welcome neighbor", "Best wishes for a speedy recovery", or "We share your grief", I roll out the rolls.

Unfortunately, I'm not blessed with the gift of flowery speech, but I do know the ingredients that make a pan of tasty rolls. They express my feelings in down-to-earth language any one can appreciate and understand.

THE SIGN SAYS — SOLD!

Up in the attic are many strange things:

An old feather bed and brass candlesticks,

A bustle, a castor and a table with leaves,

A trundle bed, doll, and a dress with huge sleeves.

While down in the rooms are strong walnut things:

An old square piano and a spacious commode,

A what-not, a sideboard and a love seat for two,

A swing-rocking chair and a footstool in blue.

Who lived here, I wonder, all through the years?

Why, grand folks, their son, now his daughter-in-law,

Who has sold the old place for a fortune, I hear,

To someone who wants things *all modern* — oh dear!

—Alice G. Harvey

THE SPIRIT OF '66

Editor's note: The following won first prize for David in the annual essay contest at his school sponsored by the VFW.

by
David L. Driftmier

Today you and I live in a world that is filled with suffering, sorrow, disease, starvation, poverty and war. Hundreds of American men lose their lives in Viet Nam to save the brave people of Southeast Asia from a military takeover by Chinese communists. There is a population explosion when there is not enough food to feed this planet's present population. Even in the United States all citizens do not enjoy equal rights. As more countries gain control of the atomic bomb, East-West relations grow more tense. In this type of world we sometimes ask ourselves "What is the spirit of '66?" or even "Is there a spirit in '66?"

During the Battle of the Marne in World War One, Marshal Ferdinand Foch sent this telegram to his chief, Marshal Joseph Joffre: "My left yields; my right is broken through; situation excellent; I attack." Foch once said "The best means of defense is to attack." This should be the spirit of America in '66.

In a world with so many great problems the human race cannot lie down in front of the problems and let them conquer us! We must fight them with all of our might and not accept defeat. Because of this, man is fighting a war against poverty, a war to save the brave people of Southeast Asia, and battles for equal rights for all. Modern science is fighting a mass war against hunger and disease, and has made many victories. We are cleaning up the rivers that man has polluted, caring for our elderly and helping the underprivileged. If we continue in this direction, only with renewed vigor and hope, we will become victorious in all that we undertake. Instead of being remembered for our pessimism and lack of faith, we will be remembered for our courage, bravery, and our effort to save mankind. The spirit of 1966 is that of hope, courage, and victory.

Boys and girls are but tender minds to be guided before they become farmers and engineers, fathers and mothers, citizens and loyal Americans.

But before they grow into these roles, we must love them, motivate them, educate them.

For they must do a much more creative job of making life more meaningful than did we . . .



Lucile and Howard, December, 1913.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Continued

was the fact that Mother never got excited and screamed at us. I'm thinking particularly of something that happened when Dorothy was about a year old. I was very proud of Dorothy and wanted to show her off on every possible occasion, so Mother let me wheel her up and down the street in her nice collapsible buggy. Well, one Sunday afternoon Mary Fischer, then six, came over to see if we could take Dorothy out in her buggy, so Mother put her pretty jacket and hood on and said that we could wheel her. (Mother knew that I liked to have Dorothy look as fancy as possible, so she always took time to get out her nicest things — all of this for a five-year-old child, you understand.)

We put Dorothy in her buggy, and for some reason we felt adventurous and decided to cross the street and "show her off" to someone on the other side, so very carefully we maneuvered the buggy down off of the curbing and started across. In those days Summit Avenue was unpaved, and when the street was muddy there was absolutely no traffic of any kind. All went well until we got to the middle of the street, and there the carriage collapsed and folded up with Dorothy in it. Mary and I began screaming at the top of our lungs, and in no time everyone on the block had come dashing out onto their front porches to see what had happened.

Mother came out too, but she didn't dash. Very calmly she walked out to where we were, picked Dorothy out of the collapsed buggy, and quietly told us to bring the buggy back to the curb.

She knew that we were proud of Dorothy and wanted to exhibit her, and she also knew that we were perfectly blameless — after all, we didn't MAKE the buggy collapse. It just collapsed! We weren't told in piercing tones that we could "never, never take this baby riding again", and the only thing she said, mildly, was that the next time we should ask her to

help if we wanted to cross the street. Yes, Mother understood children.

In the years since I left home I have talked to people who grew up with a step-mother, and all but a few of them said that they never felt that they BELONGED. They weren't abused in any way and there weren't violent scenes — they just didn't feel that they belonged. This is something that Howard and I know nothing about, for to us it was a perfectly natural thing that we should belong to Mother and that she should belong to us. Never

once were we made to feel that we were a burden and a chore. We were with Mother because she wanted us.

It's all very well to sew for a child and cook his meals and see that he is cared for physically, but it's another thing, and a very wonderful thing, to take two children not your own and make them feel that they are loved and wanted. That is a remarkable thing, and it is what Mother did for us.

Sincerely,

P. Lucile



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With four big sisters off to school, Jed and Heather Watkins settle down to "read". They are children of Ruth and Robert Watkins of San Mateo, Calif., and grandchildren of Aunt Jessie Shambaugh.

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"The Psalmist looked at life — poured out so prodigally by youth, hoarded so fearfully by age — and reflected, 'As for man, his days are as grass....' So they are. Sun, wind, rain, frost, the cycle turns and turns again." So writes Kenneth L. Wilson, executive editor of *Christian Herald Magazine* in the foreword of *Days of Grass*, stories from the *Christian Herald*, selected by assistant executive editor Rachel Hartman (Channel Press, \$5.95).

The twenty-nine stories in *Days of Grass* which Miss Hartman has selected range from comedy to fantasy to moving dramas and are divided into sections: beginning, childhood, youth, early adulthood, the middle years, maturity, and completion. Helen Amerud's story "A Hand to Hold" reminds us a child with a physical or mental handicap requires special understanding and so it was that David's Grandpa, Joe Miller, found he was needed. "Joe-pye" by Jean Bell Mosley tells of a child who seemed untouched by the world's tensions and conflicts. "Happy Birthday" by Alma Roberts Giordan reminded Vonne on her fortieth birthday that all her days are happy. *Lutfisk* and a green Christmas tree explain what Christmas is all about in "Guest in the House".

Days of Grass will remind you of moments and dreams in your own life and lead you to meaning in what will come.

Red-flannel Hash and Shoo-fly Pie American Regional Foods and Festivals by Lila Perl (World Publishing

Co., \$5.95) contains colorful contributions of the different areas of America to our foods and cooking customs.

New England is famous for its beach picnic clam-bake. The Pennsylvania Dutch with their clever expressions — "Eat yourself full" — believe in plain and plenty when it comes to food. Noodles and dumplings form a substantial part of their dishes including the famous *schnitz un knepp* (apples and dumplings). Favorites in the South include hot spoon bread, hush puppies (stiff batter using corn meal eaten with fried fish), and Southern pecan pie. Typical of the

Midwest, the strawberry social in June features "strawberry shortcake, split and buttered while hot, deluged with crushed sweetened strawberries, and drowned in rich heavy sweet cream." Fiestas of the Southwest often feature barbecues. The popularity of outdoor cooking has spread across the nation. The fresh fruits and fish of the West, as well as Alaska and Hawaii, add to the nations' food blessings.

Since each chapter in *Red-flannel Hash and Shoo-fly Pie* digs into the food background of each section of the country, it is rewarding reading. Says Lila Perl, author, "It is a challenge to search out the origins of the foods we eat, and in so doing keep alive our rich and vibrant heritage."

And now it's off to school with the children and the card table to be used at the science fair where a telegraph set, motors, erupting volcanoes and paper dinosaurs will be in evidence. Then I realize that these, indeed, are my own "days of grass" and I give thanks.



The man who can make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, grow on the spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and render more essential service to the country than the whole race of politicians put together. —Jonathan Swift

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FOOTNOTES ON FOOTSTEPS - Con'd

of the importance of the steps we take have pointed up to us that we must do all that we do, not with our minds running to yesterday, or the old ways, but with heart and mind alerted to tomorrow. We cannot *Side Step* the home front nor the world issues, but rather *Take The Steps* that are needed to achieve our ideals as a family, to maintain our country as a true democracy, and the world as one brotherhood. Mothers of '66, all women, the challenge is squarely before us. We must *Step To The Front* and be counted. We *Must Step Forth!*

You heard the Scriptures read from Proverbs, with tribute to a worthy woman''. I'd like to share with you a modernized version for the valiant mother of 1966. Remember from the book of Proverbs we heard: "She is clothed with dignity, and she laughs at the days to come"? Listen to the picture of the worthy woman of '66:

Let others build a house; this one builds a home.

Gentle is her wisdom; daily she remembers that her family has no home save the one she makes them.

She knows well the price of peace within her walls and allows no anger to build a nest in her eaves.

Not always does she say what she means; not because she has no thought, but rather because she has thought twice, and selected one for you.

She likes new hats, but doubts in her bones if they solve much or mend deeply.

Straightly she confronts salesmen and calmly resists their wares. But if the mood to buy is upon her, then shrewdly she sifts his wares.

She has thought upon the evil of gossip. She has thought how dreadful it is, and evil. She refuses to surrender to it.

Her husband smiles as he hands her his pay check. He knows well she can stretch it beyond recognition.

With the Almighty she trifles not. She daily begs Him to protect the children He has sent her.

She does not wait until her child reaches the school age before mentioning right and wrong. She teaches her very little ones God's way of love, of life, and lets them see it in her own life.

She has considered the companions of her little ones, and some she has considered right out of her back yard.

The valiant mother lives not far at any time from her God. She knoweth that He would have her instruct her children in the ways of justice, to

show kindness and mercy, and to love all men as brothers. This she does diligently and prayerfully, and by example.

When one finds a valiant mother, her value is above pearls. Truly she will find joy in her days of service to her family and to her community and to her world. And she laughs at the days to come. We rise up and call her blessed.

(This was adapted from a church bulletin.)

- AND DON'T FORGET!

You won't have to worry about assuming responsibilities for Mother's Day or Mother-Daughter Banquets and parties in the future when you have on hand our *Mother-Daughter Book*. It is chuck full of wonderful plans - many to choose from - complete with details, even to the readings.

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A booklet just published by Midwest Clinic tells what its staff has learned over the years about arthritis, rheumatism and kindred diseases. The booklet goes into detail about the types of these ailments, and describes the health-restoring program offered at this unique clinic in the pleasant Missouri town of Excelsior Springs.

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FASHION SKIT — Concluded

bag. Her barefoot sandals are available in all colors, sizes, and shapes. (Black shorts with check marks made with white chalk, and a shirt made from Sunday colored comics. Hat is a football helmet and a duffle bag is carried. Model wears no shoes or socks.)

5. Now we have the belle of the beach, who is wearing the latest in bathing apparel — a coverall bathing suit for complete sunburn protection. It concentrates its sparkling appeal on neck, wrist, ankle, and back interest. Multicolored straw hat and bag complete the ensemble. (Bathing suit is man's coverall or long underwear with abundant junk jewelry at neck, wrist, and ankles, and on the back flap. Colored soda straws decorate the hat and bag.)

6. Now if you are looking for a late afternoon tea dress you will be interested in the next model. Her frock is made of the finest tissue faille with an attractive scoop neckline. She has chosen a rolled hat to match her dress. Dainty T-strap pumps flatter her feet. (Plain straight dress is covered with cleaning tissues, tasseled with tea bags. Plastic scoops are worn around the neck, and tea bags are tied to the shoes. A roll of tissue tied with a ribbon is her hat.)

7. Evening elegance is personified in our next model, a 24-carat gold gown with a plunging neckline. Clever accessories include a hold-everything mesh bag and dainty mitts. The chapeau is the newest summer model for wear after five. (Plain dress dyed gold with 24 carrots trimming it. A small rubber plunger is worn around the neck. The bag is an old mesh bag used for oranges or onions; it contains everything including a toy kitchen sink. Baseball mitts are worn and springs decorate the hat.)

8. Last but not least comes a model for evening wear at home. Its flowing lines make for complete relaxation. (A full, long-sleeved, old-fashioned night-shirt and nightcap. Model carries an alarm clock and hot water bottle.)

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May Poems

SALUTE TO MAY

The bright May sun is soft on my face
As it beckons me out to see
The wonder of things that are growing
apace
And all are young and free.

The sweet May breeze is gentle and
gay
As it coaxes, "Oh, come and hear
My song of children and flowers and
trees,
Of treasures far and near."

I must go out in the world today
As free as the bird that sings,
I must live and laugh with May,
And share in the magic she brings!
—Harverna Woodling



GOOD MORNING

I caught your smile, returned it.
You winged it back to me.
It flashed there in the sunlight,
A spark for all to see.

Those who paused to note its glow
Were caught up in its spell.
Your gentle smile was all it took
To start the day off WELL!!
—Leta Fulmer



MY MOTHER'S HANDS

My mother's hands were busy hands;
I see her kneading dough
In loaves of bread and coffecake —
Each one must be "just so".

My mother's hands could knit and sew
For her children eight;
Her work a masterpiece of art,
Each stitch was true and straight.

My mother's hands could keep a house
With windows shining bright,
Geraniums blooming on the sill
Framed by curtains, crisp and
white.

My mother's hands could soothe the
sick
Or cool a fevered brow,
And smooth the way for those bereft
In sorrow wont to bow.

My mother's hands are resting now
Tho' still her works live on;
A heritage of worth she left
To us; Tho' she is gone.

My mother's hands lie pale and still
By time and tide refined;
At last she rests in peace and grace;
God's will: We are resigned.

—Mary E. Boyles



ORCHIDS IN YOUR COOKING?

Could be! We don't know who did it, but someone 'way back when discovered that the beans from a South American orchid, when used in cooking, added a most delightful, haunting flavor ... and even improved the other flavors in the dish! We call it **VANILLA!**

Of course, not all flavorings have such a glamorous history. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** may not have quite this exotic background, but we can certainly brag about their present and future! More and more homemakers are discovering these versatile, dependable flavorings that add the final touch which makes any cooking or baking a work of art. So inexpensive, so delicious, shouldn't you be sure you have all sixteen?

Vanilla	Mint	Lemon	Coconut
Butter	Pineapple	Strawberry	Cherry
Black Walnut	Maple	Banana	Burnt Sugar
Raspberry	Blueberry	Almond	Orange

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00.) We pay the postage.